Per. I will beleeue you by the fillable of what you ſhall deliuer, yet giue me leaue, how came you in theſe parts? where were you bred?

Mar. The King my father did in *Tharſus* leaue me
Till cruell *Cleon* with his wicked wife,
Did ſeeke to murder me: and hauing wooed a villaine
To attempt it, who hauing drawne to doo't,
A crew of Pirats came and reſcued me,
Brought me to Metaline.
But good ſir, whether will you haue me? why do you weepe?
It may be you thinke me an impoſture, no good faith. I am the daughter of King *Pericles*, if good King *Pericles* be.

Per. Hoe, *Hellicanus*?

Hell. Calles my Lord?

Per. Thou art a graue and noble Councellor,
Moſt wiſe in generall, tell me if thou canſt, what this maide is,
Or what is like to be, that thus hath made me weepe?

Hell. I know not but here's the regent ſir of *Metaline*, ſpeaks nobly of her.

Lyſ. She neuer would tell her parentage,
Being demanded that ſhe would ſit ſtill and weepe.

Per. Oh *Hellicanus*, ſtrike me honored ſir, giue me a gaſh, put me to preſent paine, leaſt this great ſea of ioyes ruſhing vpon me ore-beare the ſhore of my mortality, and drowne me with their ſweetneſſe. Oh come hither,
Thou that begetſt him that did thee beget
Thou that waſt borne at ſea, buried at *Tharſus*,
And found at ſea againe: O *Helleanus*,
Downe on my knees thanke the ho y god as loud
As thunder threatens vs; this is *Marina*.
What was my mothers name? tell me but that,
For truth can neuer be confirmd enough,
Though doubts did euer ſleepe.

Mar. Firſt ſir, I pray what is your Title?

Per. I am Pericles of *Tyre*, but tell me now my
Drownd Queenes name, as in the reſt you ſaid,
Thou haſt beene God-like perfect, the heire of Kingdomes, I

And another like to *Per*
Mar. Is it no more to
thers name was *Thaiſa*, T
minute I began.
Per. Now bleſſing on
Giue me freſh garments,
at *Tharſus*, as ſhe ſhould
tell the all, when thou ſha
is thy very Princes who
Hell. Sir tis the Gouer
melancholy, did come to
Per. I embrace you gi
I am wild in my beholdi
But hearke, what Muſick
Tell him ore point by po
How ſure you are my da
Hell. My Lord, I hea
Per. None, the Muſic
Lyſ. It is not good to
Per. Rareſt ſounds do
Lyſ. Muſicke my Lor
Per. Moſt heauenly m
It nips me vnto liſtening
Hangs vpon mine eyes, le
Lyſ. A pillow for his h
Well my companion fri
lieſe, ile well remember

Dian. My Temple ſta
Hie thee thether, and do
my maiden prieſts are m
how thou at ſea didſt loſ
daughters call and giue t
my bidding, or thon liue
bow, awake and tell thy
Per. Celeſtiall *Dian*
I will obey thee: *Helli*

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